

The Omen

Volume 50
Issue 5

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Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Will: I wouldn't. I would cry the rest of my life because the rainbow would follow me.

Simon: I would use the gold to help me fly, using hereforo undiscovered physics.

George: I don't think I'd ever try.

Ida: Introduce it to anti-vaxxers with measles so it becomes bedridden. Then walk over it.

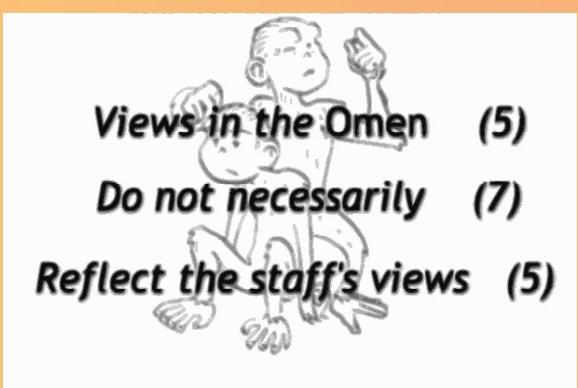
Chloe: ... Evaporation? [laughing] Or should I go with transpiration? No, I'll stick with evaporation.

Olivia: I'd ride an exotic short-haired cat over it.

Front Cover: Alexandria Weinraub

Back Cover: Alexandria Weinraub

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Chloe's mailbox (0369)



EDITORIAL

Ida Kao

The Tuesday before Spring Break, I, a voting member of Fundcom, was sitting next to one of the co-Directors, introducing myself to the student group signers that had come in. A signer for The Reader, the student group that publishes Hampshire's annual literary magazine of the same name, asked me "Are you Ida from The Omen?" A bit surprised, I nodded yes.

Part of my surprise was a hint of fear. After the response from alums and the treatment from other students, like when a classmate who shared half of my classes my first semester refused to look up from their phone and replied in a hostile tone when I greeted them at The Bridge, The Omen has become a source of vitriol directed at me. The people who have reacted negatively have every right to do as they please for whatever reason, but it still worrying nonetheless to suddenly defend yourself when going about doing your daily business. I have always been unsociable but observant, unwilling to engage in small talk and strike up conversations with new people to the point I can't help but think the other person is convinced I actively dislike them. Still, even when I wonder if my resting bitch face and lack of conversation is interpreted as dislike, it's easy for me to tell when someone shoots me a sour expression. The thought that something that I have written, rather than my bumbling interactions with other people strikes me as funny in a sad way.

The bare bones "office" in the Merrill A basement has anywhere from four to seven or eight people joking around and coming up with funny questions and writing to submit to a publication that accepts (almost) anything until everyone gets too sleepy and leaves once every two weeks. Fundcom meets twice a week for an hour in an office in the Airport Lounge, with a projector and officers on their personal laptops, regularly interacting with the wider Hampshire community through signers, and perhaps more importantly wielding control over which student group gets how much money for what purpose. Somehow most people don't even know I'm a Fundcom member, even though Fundcom is significantly more directly influential. (One could make the argument that Omen readers are greatly influenced indirectly by what they are reading, outweighing the direct influence of the funding decisions made by Fundcom, but that's not easily measured nor verifiable.) Of course, I do know that the consistent appearance of my name in Omen issues, particularly now that I am editrix, a physical object that can be passed around and read multiple times compared to my weekly appearances for an hour (I have a class that conflicts with Thursday meetings) in the Fundcom office, of which only a self-selecting group of individuals will ever enter. But a bunch of weirdos in a basement goofing around is a different experience from sitting in, until the formation of SAN this semester, what was effectively Hampshire's only independent, entirely student run governing body. A governing body that worked directly with Campus Leadership & Activities and ran elections for its leaders (and those leaders get paid!).

In conclusion, because I suck at conclusions and don't know how to start wrapping something up without specifically noting it as such, as editrix I have a degree of power and it's quite hard for me to realize that, given the informality surrounding the creation of Omen issues and the formalities surrounding my other non-academic obligations. But, with great power comes great responsibility. And I feel responsible to send a message to a certain group of people (see next page):

FUCK YOU, ANTI-VAXXERS, YOUR DISEASE-REDDEN CROTCH GOBLINS, AND YOUR QUACK SCIENCE. DO EVERYONE A FAVOR AND GO FORM YOUR OWN ARTIFICIAL ISLAND COLONY AND WIPE YOURSELVES OUT BECAUSE OF “MUH AUTISM” OR WHATEVER BULLSHIT YOU LIKE TO SPEW.

SECTION SPEAK

letter to the editrix

Submitted by Greg Larsen

Dear treacherous children of the Omen Staff,

I've been concerned about what's been going on at Hampshire, so I decided to end my 5ish year dry spell and read an issue of The Omen. From leafing through Volume 50, Issue 4, I've discovered that my status as an alum who went to half a dozen Omen layout meetings seven years ago entitles me to give you all a condescending lecture about how you should conduct yourselves today. I am blissfully free of context beyond what I've heard from newspapers and administration sources. Here goes:

From the outside, it seems like you could soon watch your college shrink dramatically, transform into something unrecognizable, or close outright and leave you in the cold. I feel for you. I feel, too, for Hampshire's staff members, some of whom are already seeking alternative employment in the Happy Valley's sluggish economy. Maybe most of all, I feel for the faculty members who taught me (and who I didn't work with and who came after I left), who I still admire to this day, and who could find themselves fighting hard for a shot at uprooting their lives for new positions in a positively brutal academic job market.

Meanwhile, if the absolute worst happens and Hampshire closes, I'll keep on worrying about everyone I mentioned in the last paragraph, figure out who I need to call if I need to verify the existence of my bachelor's degree, pay back tens of thousands of dollars of student loans that I took out at a newly-defunct institution, and then go on with my life. I can't speak for anyone else, but I'd wager a lot of alumnx who aren't the parents of current students or employed by Hampshire have about the same deal.

Point being, you have more of a stake in this crisis than I do, and it's the furthest possible thing from my or others' place to tell you how to handle this situation. Recognizing that reality, I hereby grant you my *blessing* in doing whatever you need do to land on your feet, feeling whatever complex feelings you have about this situation, and publishing whatever you think is prudent in this publication about those things. Stay warm, "kiddos."

Cheers,
Greg Larsen F10



Greg Larsen,

I, as a treacherous child of the Omen staff and "potential snitch", am glad you wrote to us. I am of the opinion that we should give an equal opportunity to all letters. Especially the letter X. It feels lonely. I only have a little while as I have very important Omen work to do. Very serious stuff, writing for the Omen. So serious. As everyone knows, The Omen is a very serious publication. We only write about serious and pressing matters like how we plan to take over the world and how DiGiorno's pizza is decidedly sad and lonely. What did you think of your horoscope? I'm very warm, "grownup".

Will Newhall

SECTION LIES

The COLORFUL Humorous Horoscope

Submitted by Will Newhall

Aries: Throw the color RED.

Taurus: Chastise the color GREEN.

Gemini: Sit by the color YELLOW.

Cancer: Yell at the color WHITE.

Leo: Sing to the color GOLD.

VIRGO: FUCK THE COLOR BEIGE.

Libra: Why are all the signs doing strange things? Instead **SUBMIT** to The Omen.

Scorpio: Dance around the color SCARLET.

Sagittarius: Run to the color BLUE.

Capricorn: Play pattycake with the color BROWN.

Aquarius: Accept the color SILVER.

Pisces: Cry the color PURPLE.

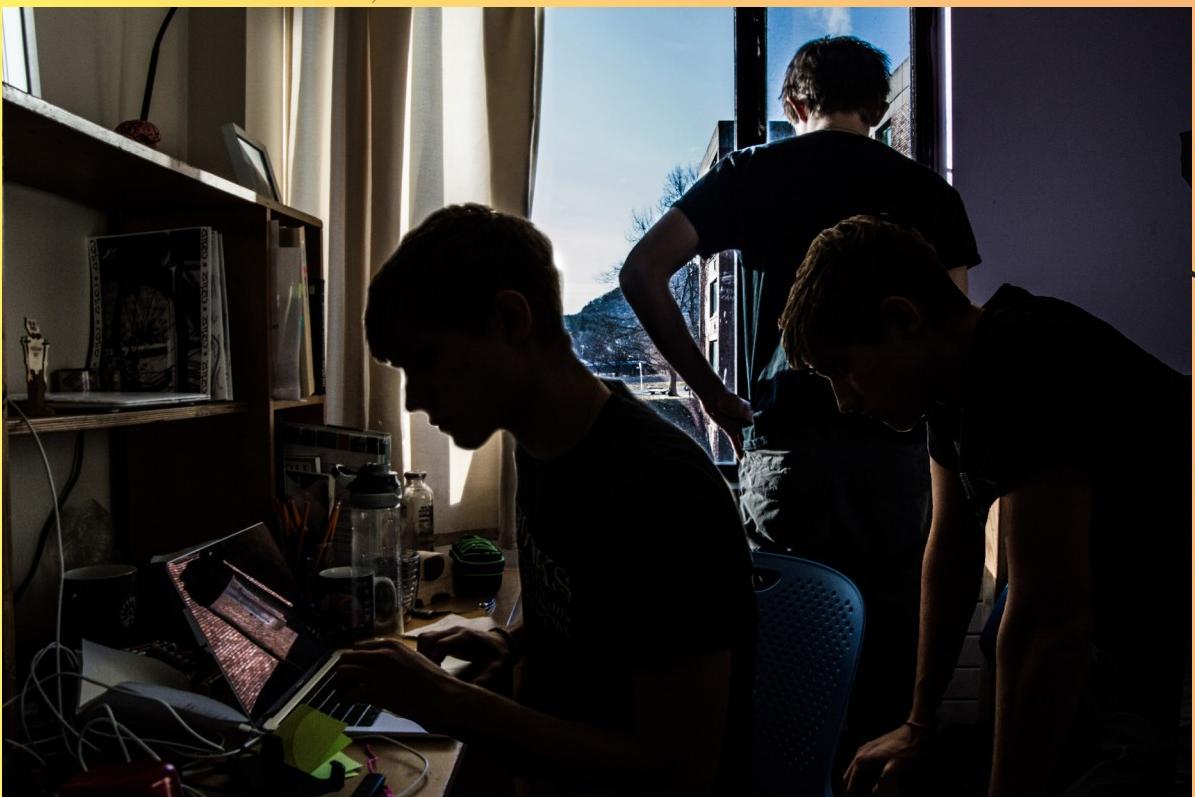
Section Pictures

Submitted by Will Newhall



Submitted by Will Newhall





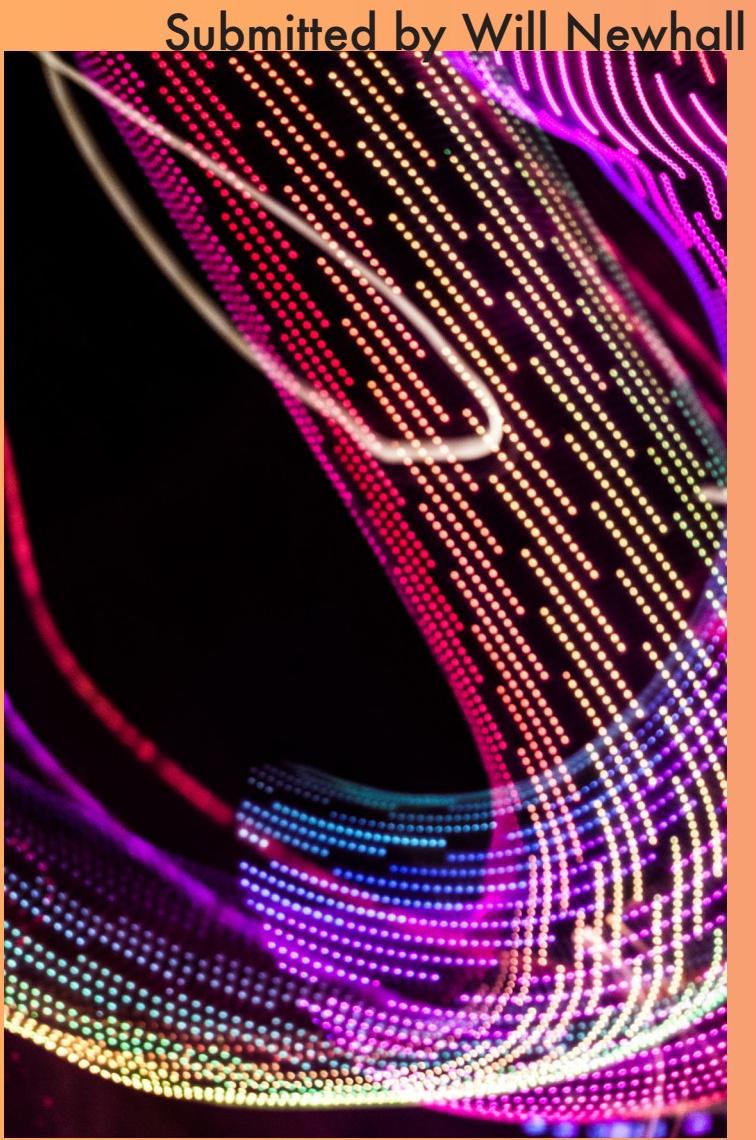
Submitted by Will Newhall



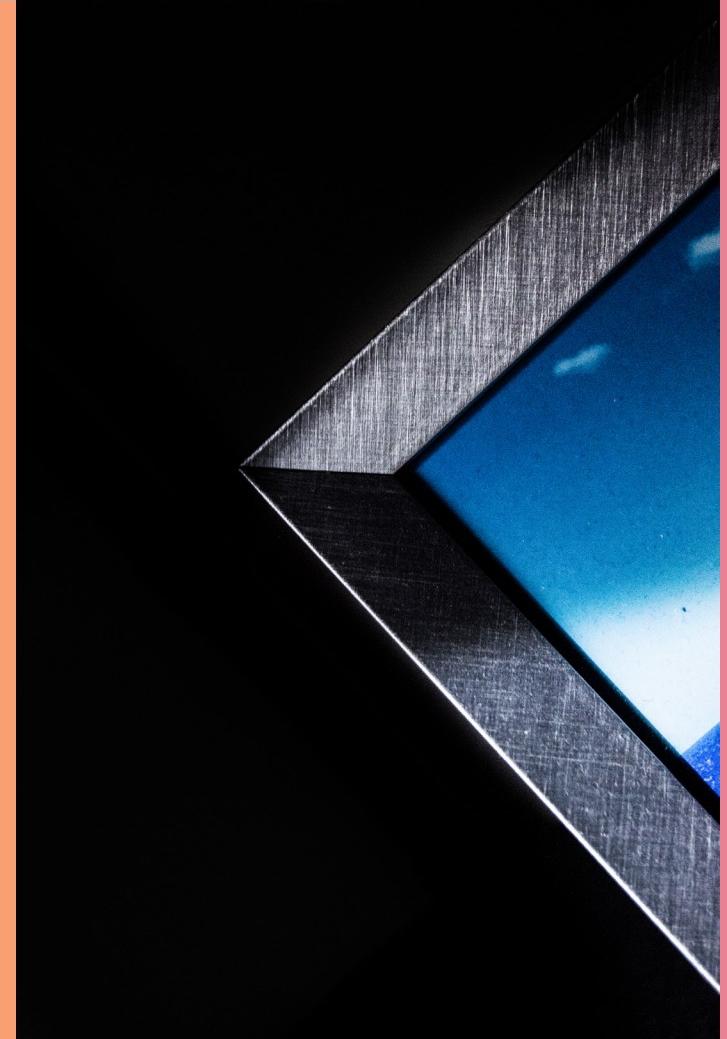
Submitted by Will Newhall



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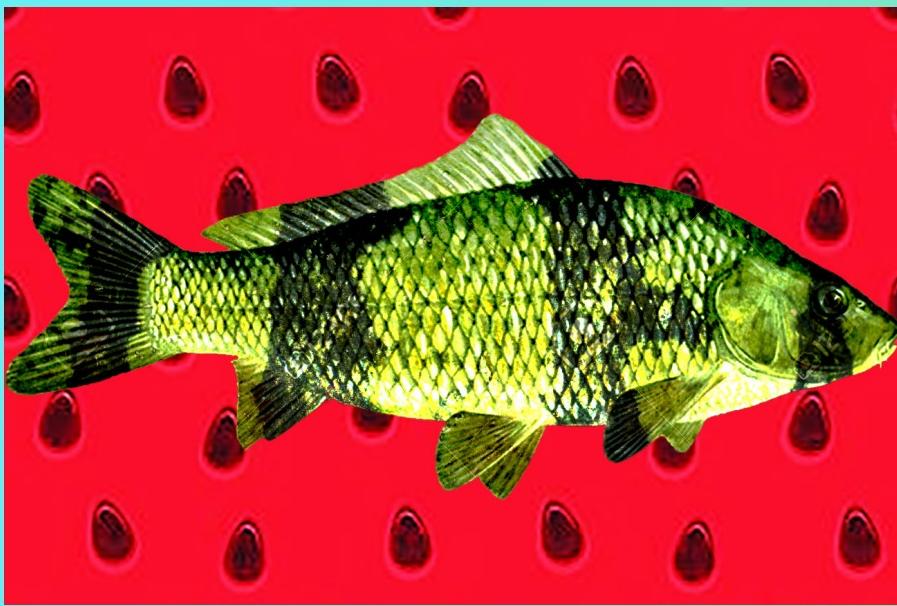
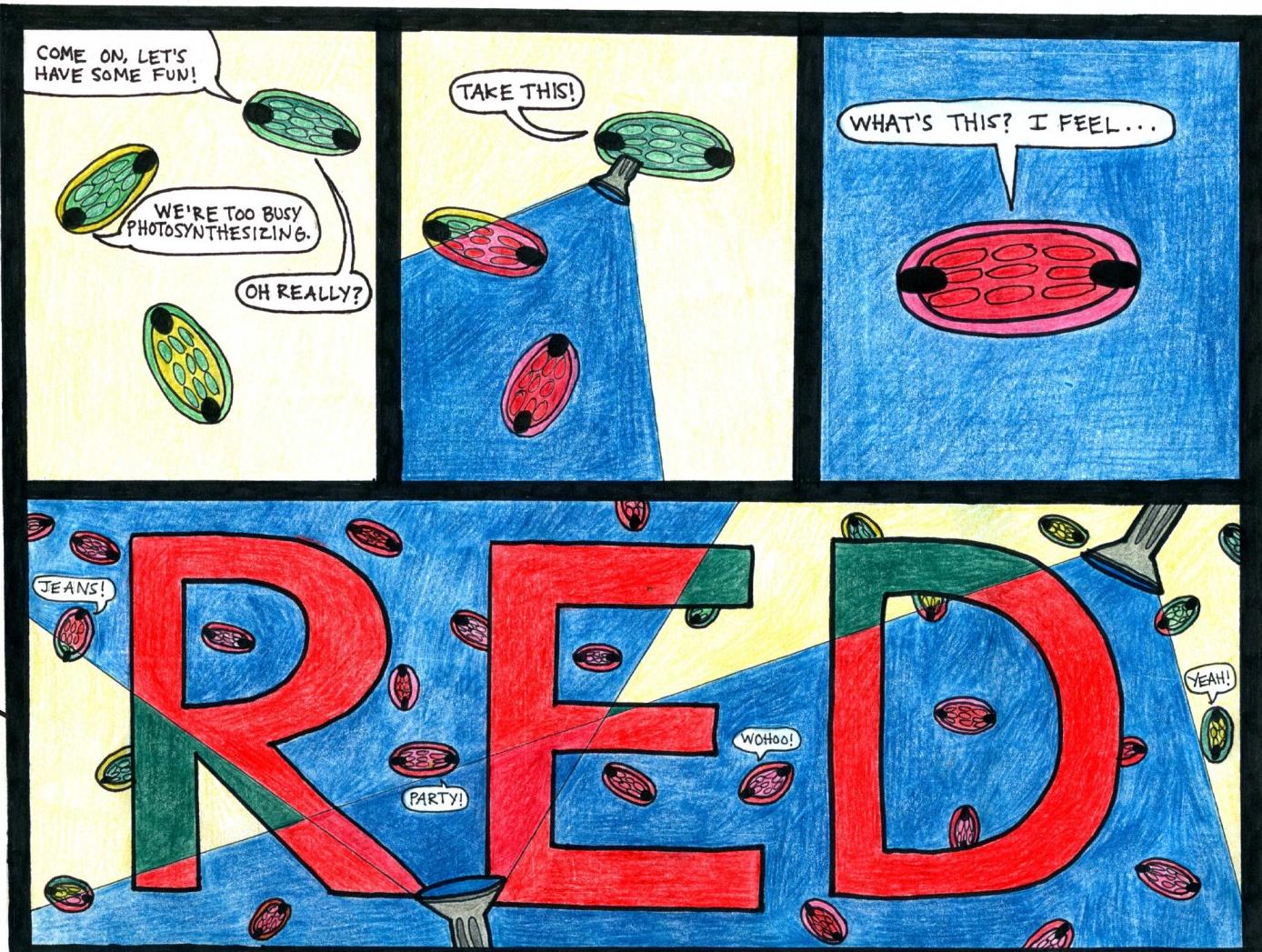
Everything on these two pages
were submitted by Will Newhall





WHEN CHLOROPHYLL GET EXCITED BY BLUE LIGHT...

Submitted by Chloe Omelchuck



Exocarp the outer layer of a fruit

Submitted by Chloe Omelchuck
It is one of those strange things that has a true name- the outer part of a fruit. Truly, it is quite astonishing how so many things in our world have names which are never used. However, in some cases, as in the exocarp, it is not the item itself which inspires the word, but the word which inspires the item. Some say that watermelons that seize their true potential have indeed moved beyond the realm of a simple rind and into a more carplike state of being.



Submitted by Alexandria Weinraub

A Very Good Dog
Submitted by Ida Kao





Submitted
by Olivia
Krzeminski

A NEAR-EDIBLE PLAYLIST

GRILLED CHEESE - CHERRY GLAZERR
THESE BURGERS - THE MOLDY PEACHES
GRAPEFRUIT - MARNIE STERN
MAKING BREAKFAST - TWIN PEAKS
MILKSHAKE - KELIS
MEAT - KRILL
ICE CREAM - NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB
GREEN TEA - SHONEN KNIFE
DIDDLE MY SKITTLE - PEACHES
(DO YOU WANNA)) GRILLED CHEESE -
BORIS THE SPINKEER

London in COLOUR!!!

(Plus commentary)
Submitted by Simon Fields



The Great Exhibition, 1851



Euston Railway Station



Spectacles



Tower Bridge, shortly after completed construction
(circa 1894)



And on a completely unrelated, totally apolitical note...

